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NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1899.

THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

Could you kindly give a list of the exhibitions to be held this season, and the addresses where entry blanks can be had?

Respectfully,

A. E. B.

The list of the more important exhibitions, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is as follows:

- Jan. 1st to 27th—National Academy of Design, New York. Harry W. Watrous, Secy., 58 West 57th. Write at once.
 Jan. 5th to Febr. 3rd—Boston Art Club (Oil and Sculpture). J. Converse Gray, Secy. Date of collection in N. Y., Dec. 21st; Boston, Dec. 26th.
 Jan. 9th to 20th—American Society of Miniature Painters, William J. Baer, Secretary. Works received at Grand Union Hotel, Park avenue, on Jan. 5th.
 Jan. 15th to Febr. 24th—Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa. H. S. Morris, Director. Works received before Dec. 28th.
 Jan. 15th to Febr. 24th—Art Department, Bridgeport Public Library, Bridgeport, Conn. W. J. Hill, Supt. For watercolors.
 February—Brooklyn Art Association, 174 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Febr. 2nd to 16th—American Water Color Society. C. Harry Eaton, Secy. Exhibition in Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.
 Febr. 10th to 20th—Boston Water Color Club. Exhibition at the Boston Art Club; enquire of B. A. C. Secretary.
 Febr. 22nd to March 11th—Western Artists, at Art Institute, Chicago, W. M. R. French, Director.
 March—Water Color Club, Washington, D. C. Grace Atwater, Secretary. For oils.
 March 12th to April 21st—Bridgeport, Conn., for oils and pastels. (See above).
 March 15th to April 15th—Art Club, Philadelphia, Pa. Water Color Exhibition. Address Secretary, 220 South Broad street.
 March 25th to April 29th—Society of American Artists, New York. Douglas Volk, Secretary, 215 West 57th street.
 April 6th to 28th—Boston Art Club, for watercolors, etc.
 April 24th to June 10th—Art Institute, Chicago, American watercolors, pastels and miniatures.
 May—Art Club, Rochester, N. Y. A. W. Moore, Secretary.
 May 13th to June 4th—Society of Artists, Buffalo, N. Y. B. V. Carpenter, Secretary.

A judicious use is being made of the criticisms given in THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC. The Century Company headed the full-page advertisements of their November number in the metropolitan papers with the sincere advice which was embodied in my review of that excellent number. The Wanamaker announcements of the Halsey-Stirling exhibitions sought their endorsement in a lengthy quotation from these columns; and now comes to hand a neat folder of hand-laid paper from the Hanfstaengl house which contains the article on "Children's Room Decorations," and which is illustrated by a beautiful reproduction of "Little Vanity," by T. G. Rust.

* * *

Some time ago I called attention to the ludicrous anachronisms sometimes found in the attributions given to unknown portraits, instancing at the time a London auctioneer's catalogue presentation of a portrait of Addison when a young boy, by George Romney.

Now comes along another slip. In a catalogue of a sale in London, just received, there is recorded a portrait of Count D'Orsay, by Romney. But "the last of the dandies" came to England many years after Romney was dead. In fact, he was born the year before Romney died, in 1802. This ascription is equally absurd and suggestive.

* * *

Sir Henry Tate, the founder of the Tate Gallery in Westminster, died a few days ago. The institution founded under his name is a lasting monument to this munificent patron of the arts. It certainly has done more for contemporaneous English art than any other undertaking.

* * *

He was in a great picture gallery, standing before a beautiful picture of the nude.

"Ah!" he cried, mournfully, so that all around should hear his protest. "Oh, the sinfulness of it. Oh, that I should see such a thing here."

"Tell us where else you've seen it, gov'nor?" cried a rude young man standing by; and the good man said no more.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

AMERICAN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

XIV.

THE COLLECTION OF MRS. J. J. FELL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Described by W. P. Lockington.)

TO Dr. Herbert M. Howe of this city I am indebted for the courtesy accorded in obtaining, as a preliminary to the series of collections of this city, a view of the miscellaneous works of art now within the keeping of Amanda, widow of the late J. J. Fell, Esq., at 1406 Walnut Street.

The collection is not confined to any one school. It marks clearly and decisively the advancement of broader views from the nebula or starting point of uncertainty to the higher plane of a fixed or exalted ambition. Wisdom that comes in the later day, aided by the stern conviction that it is better to revel in the exalted few than the mediocre many.

The environments, it is to be regretted, sacrifice the many good qualities of the canvases, since the house, replete with past time comforts, is denied the privileges of modern innovations such as are calculated to enhance the charming qualities of the choice few, by the addition of man's skill in the god-like qualities required by everything that holds for intellectual advancement—light.

For instance, there is a sterling example, "A Village Street by Moonlight," a 20x30 by Jules Bréton, fine in quality and texture, but unfortunately hung within the deep recess of the window and overshadowed by the large 34x40 canvas of "The Village Fête" or "Italian Ball-Players," an emanation of the Düsseldorf school by Aschenbach. This, in the composition and technique, is admittedly fine. Finished in detail and good composition, a small 8x14 panel by Boughton, of "A Puritan Soldier," grim and sturdy, one who purchased respect with his musket and peace by his prayer-book. A good study, betraying something of the artist's proclivity towards the English school, but governing well all the qualities and poise demanded.

To the right, however, time speeds in the absorption of that priceless gem of art, Corot's unchallengeable "The Dance of the Fairies by Moonlight." Here, indeed, is the gem of the collection. A pen-picture would seem superfluous. To the art lover its beauties are known. In all the rhythm of poetry and the sweet depth of music there lies no note so exquisitely expressed as in the soft night qualities, the quintessence of modulated lights, the expression of the tall willowy trees, the terpsichorean grace of the dancers, the subdued tenor of the renditions, that appeals with the latent force of a low, sweet note abjuring the spectator to silence and breathless admiration.

Of the *genre* the gallery contains but a few; near by hangs the ambitious canvas by H. Merle, 50x70, "The Demented Mother," painted in the artist's best period.

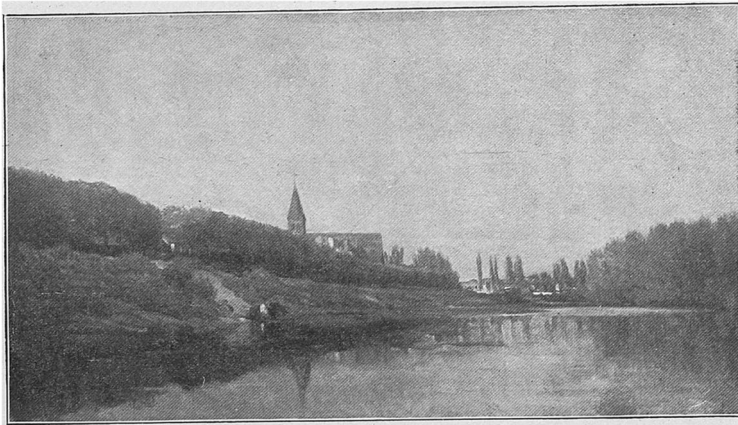
This is a nice adjustment of the sympathetic qualities centered in the woe and sense-begone aspect of the insane mother clinging tenaciously to her wee baby, and striving to ignore the pathetic gaze of the on-looking children. Its appreciable qualities are addressed to the center and the figures on the right. The textures are good and the composition acceptable. A Swiss interior, by Carl Piloty, "The Sick Mother," guarded by the tired-out and sleeping daughter, is an excellent example of that artist's work. Never extravagant in the application of his pigments, his rendering is soft, depending almost entirely on his skill with his pencils to line out, using color as an expression, and never obtrusive.

In the more generous dealing out of the color, or direct brush work, we turn to an example of Isabe, painted in 1858, "The Arrival of the Courier." The old chateau, with its mullioned windows and embatted ramps, serves as a background for the wife and mother now in possession of the news brought by the courier. Romance is not dead within the house that holds a relic of the past. In Carl Hübener's "Grace Before Meat," I fear me humility and contempt are neighbors. Around the board are gathered in earnest supplication the kith and kin, while leaning nonchalantly against the door-jamb is an Englishman of the '60's, the groom of the pretty bride, resting upon her trunk, and patiently awaiting the end of the simple devotion. This is expressed in the artist's happier vein. A Dutch interior, by J. Stroebel, depicting the interrogation of a citizen before the Council, is subdued in tone, harmonious, and nicely drawn. Houget's glimpse of the Mediterranean over the head of a peasant and rambling sheep. The atmospheric qualities are enhanced by the feeling and expression given to the soft, impressive earth.

A little high, and within the shadow of the door, is to be seen a fine example by De Noter, a still life, "Vegetables," of the smaller kind, painted with a remarkable crispness and vigor. Their very color and location, perhaps, being wisely placed, since it fails to jar upon the two Daubigny's, "Twilight on the River Oise, 20x30, and a similar in size, with "The Maid and the Geese." Unfortunately, no list was obtainable, therefore your grace is asked if these legends are faulty.

"A Tyrolean Scene," by H. Herzog, displays many good qualities of the Düsseldorf school, as does the "Engadine of the Alps," by C. Kanvaltz Père, painted in 1865.

One example alone is to be seen of Millet's work, "Feeding the



DAUBIGNY.
ON THE RIVER OISE.
10 x 16.

Chickens," twice seen at the exhibition of the Art Club, and the more recent exhibition at the Union League. A little sombre in tone, perhaps, but a Millet withal; standing in contra-distinctiveness to the lighter technique of the landscapes of De Montalant's "Birds-Eye View of Rome," painted in 1874, and Welsch's "View of Lake Geneva," and his Venice. The nerve force relaxes in the beauties and depths of color of "The Forest," by Diaz, a canvas 38x54, possessing all the characteristics of the master hand, so skilled in the interpretation of nature. Deep, grand and glorious in the healthy vigor of its treatment, a worthy companion of the queenly Corot for which an offer of \$40,000 has been refused.

Mrs. Greenleaf, by Gilbert Stuart, is a canvas of fine qualities and in splendid condition, but, again, the poor light mars the brilliancy of the execution.

Two portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fell, by T. Buchanan Read, painted in 1868, in Florence, mark the domestic sense and leaning of that period, and closes a collection graced by the forenamed gems of art.

THE LATE GEORGE INNESS ON THE NUDE IN ART.

SOME ONE handed to me an interview with George Inness, which was published some twenty years ago. Not only is the mooted question on "The Nude in Art" quite exhaustively treated of, but there are some other thoughtful considerations well worth perusal, and I take great pleasure in giving below the substance of the great painter's views:

"The Nude in Art is a subject on which many artists hold views much more conservative than they are given credit for.

"Undoubtedly, some pictures and statues are immoral in their tendency. I don't think that the 'Venus' of Titian is the purest form of Art. Titian's object in painting was not necessarily a licentious one, but was probably to exhibit his marvelous power of imitating flesh. This was a false motive, and the consequence is that the sense of nakedness predominates over the ideas of form, chiaroscuro and color. Had these ideas been equally operative in his attempt to produce a piece of realism, what I should call the extra-sensuous would not have been the great feature of the picture. Had he been governed by these ends he would probably have chosen his subject differently. As for such representations as 'Leda and the Swan,' 'Danae,' 'Venus and Adonis,' etc., they certainly are beyond the pale of toleration. No modern artist would publicly exhibit such subjects. It seems to me, moreover, that thousands of fashionable imported figure-pieces, in which laces and furbelows direct attention to forbidden charms by concealing them, are scarcely less objectionable. You know the canvases that I mean. They come from France, from Spain, from Italy, and adorn hundreds of parlors in every city in Christendom.

"The point I start from is the motive of the artist. If his motive

is pure, his work will convey pure ideas. This rule is simple, and can be verified. It is of universal application. Specialists in morals are not authorities on art. Art is above any ideas that moralists possess—just as religion is above any such ideas. Religion is not governed or controlled by moral ideas. It creates moral ideas. In like manner true and pure art creates good taste. Good taste can not be created from ideas about good taste. It originates in artistic inspirations which are above such ideas. Now, good taste may be called the guardian of morality in art matters; it prevents the painter from painting what is morally offensive. The man with a fine artistic instinct would hate, detest, putting anything impure on his canvas; he couldn't bear the sight of it; it would be antagonistic to his feelings. When objectionable pictures are painted, depend upon it they are done with intent—an intent that is abhorrent to a fine artistic instinct. The best safeguard, after all, is an ideal representation of one's subject. All art in which the ideal predominates is pure. It is excess of realism in art that makes art works disgusting. Here is a pencil sketch of my own—a young girl about to slip into a brook from the overhanging trunk of a tree. She is disrobed, and proposes to take a bath. I did it with the purest kind of motive, feeling that it was a thing of beauty, and knowing that in no other way could I convey the sentiment which I wanted to convey. I shall put it on canvas, keeping the background cool and sweet, and trying to idealize the subject as much as possible. It seems to me that this subject, so treated, is as pure and beautiful as any other. If I should put coarse realism into it it would be horrible. Moreover, I paint the girl a distance of thirty or forty feet, which gives at once a subdued effect. The reason for doing this is that the mind does not receive the full impression of any subject looked at, unless the object is at a distance three times its own length or height. For example, a man six feet high should be painted as if he were eighteen feet off from the spectator. If he is in the midst of accessories, a proportionate distance should be allowed in addition; else you get a linear impression only, and produce a work more or less literary or descriptive. You can't receive the full impression of a large object that is just under your nose. It must be distant from you at least three times its own length. This is a law of true realism. Take —'s *genre* pictures, for example. They are literally transcripts from the model who stands almost beside him. They are too sensuous. They are not art. The artist must never forget that in nude figure-painting, when the ideal is ignored, the tendency is inevitably to the lustful. The nude human form should never be painted for its own individualities—there is no use in so doing but from a desire to represent beauty in form. Otherwise the result is invariably something shocking to modesty. We don't need to contemplate individualities and peculiarities of the male and female figures, unless we are anatomists or surgeons. Who ever drew an objectionable inspiration from the sight of a beautiful Greek statue? Mere nudity is not necessary for immodesty. The pictures in such a journal as the *Police Gazette* are not pictures of the nude. A woman's stocking, the arrangement of her dress, the attitude of her figure, the expression of her face—any of these, and much less